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Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

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Editorial.

LL love is one. The love of animal, plant, forest, flower, sea, sky and one's fellowman, and he whose t yearns over the grass-blade ing forth in the early spring, has nted far on the ladder that leads ie love of God.

RUE humility is opposed alike to abasement and the over-estimate of self. It is self-respect without egotism; honor and toleration in l and deed for the actions and ions of one's fellowmen. None the truly humble can be at once nt with the short-comings of the le-minded, and tolerant toward pposing thought of their peers.

wo Hindus were walking along of our thoroughfares recently, in pany with an American gentleman. Passers-by, noticing their dress, stopped and stared and laughed with frank rudeness at strange guests. This incident ests that Americans still have to learn in the matter of compoliteness, and were they in they might very possibly learn lessons from the men they ridihere.

IN POLITICS, as in the moral world, the man who represents a truth, ultimately commands the respect and wins the suffrages of his fellowmen. This is not less true to-day than it was in the time of Lincoln and Washington. Fortunately, when fully aroused, the sturdy common sense of the people makes them quick appreciators and strong adherents of those men who best illustrate public virtue—that virtue which constantly seeks out and guards the highest liberties of the people.

ONCE the synonym for all high and holy daring, to-day the term courage is profaned to the characterization of the bold ventures of the Wall street gambler and of the financial wrecker who violates the *spirit* of the law in driving dangerously near to the extreme limit of the *letter* of it. The term courage applied to the ingenious betrayal of trusts should be a terrible misnomer. Shall the Puritan ideal of courage suffer degradation to the level of a modern idea?

"IN the estimation of the Korean, as in that of the Chinese and Japanese, the ideal citizen is not the wealthy one, nor the politically influential one, but the literary one." Perhaps this, after all, is at the bottom of the whole matter,—the explanation why we political and wealth-worshiping Americans are in such eagerness to have all the Chinese return bag and baggage speedily to their own home. But the Korean is undoubtedly right.

LIBERALISM, as a result of deeper thought, marks a necessary stage in the progress of every movement. A new liberalism seems to be infused into politics, and the latent liberalism in the church each day makes more apparent. Says the editor of the *Chautauquan*: "There is enough of this spirit (liberalism) abroad in America to-day to grow a liberal political party and a liberal church, and if any great new church organization is effected in the near future, this is the name by which it should be designated."

THE National Congress of Women, in connection with the World's Fair, will cover the entire week in which our Western Anniversaries fall, May 15–22. The Anniversaries will be held May 16–18. This will give friends attending our annual meetings the opportunity of hearing also many representative women upon the platform of the Congress. They should bear in mind that in this Congress of Women, Friday, May 19, is to be given, both morning and evening, to the National Alliance and the Women's Western Unitarian Conference. The names of many well-known Unitarian women appear also upon the program of the Congress for the week.

DR. LYMAN ABBOTT had a pleasant and helpful sermon recently, in the *Christian Union*, drawn from the story of Elijah under his juniper-tree. "Some of these juniper-trees of life" he considers to be (1) sleep, (2) amusement, (3) the home, (4) the church and (5) "the quiet hour." Under "amusement" he says of Jesus that "at one time of his life he and his disciples got a little fishing-boat — *he was very fond of yachting*" (the italics are ours). This is a delightful piece of information, however Dr. Abbott came by it, and must be considered a valuable contribution to the humanitarian view of the Founder of Christianity. In fact, to read that Jesus knew hunger and thirst and weariness and pain — as the gospel story tells us — pales before the graphic statement that "he was very fond of yachting." This seems to relate him to the close of the nineteenth century more than all these other statements. Exception was once taken, we happen to know, to the statement in a charming little book well known to all readers of UNITY, that the child Jesus may have "made snowballs" on the wintry hillsides about Nazareth. But the author of "A Year of Miracle" must yield the palm to Dr. Abbott's bolder flight of fancy. No one has ever told us before that Jesus was fond, very fond, of yachting.

The Work of the Liberal Minister.

It is a ministry among men. It is a high study of souls. He must know the busy wicked world. If any man has a chance to study men in their meannesses and weaknesses it is a city pastor who tries to do anything besides following a crowd and drawing a salary. His pastorate is one continual spiritual clinic. The revelations and confidences that come to him would make a book which the counting-room can hardly match. A woman with tattered garments, knowing not where the bread is to come from to-morrow to keep alive the little children God has given her, takes the chair just vacated by another woman draped in silks and wrapped in furs, but torn with an agony no wealth can satisfy, dying from a starvation no bread can appease. The man made imbecile by drink is followed by the man made timid by too much prosperity. The minister's experience reveals a wider range of human depravity and human greed than is ever disclosed in the exchange; tenderer ties and sweeter emotions in the same human nature than the banker or the merchant can ever touch. He is often called upon to do what custom, law and religion may to solemnize and beautify the most important event in the earthly life of a human being. And what a range of anxieties, hopes and responsibilities is covered by his weddings! Now it is an attempt to put thoughtful meaning into the almost thoughtless union of plenty with plenty, gaiety joining hands for greater gaiety. And again, it is to evoke an ethical loyalty and permanence to a love born out of passion and recklessness, for through love a thirst for virtue is oftentimes awakened; and sometimes the sanctities of the latter seem more imminent and promising than those of the former. Read back of these weddings the stories of disappointments, of temptations, of love deferred, love's surprises and love's fruitions, such as the minister must know, and you have traversed a territory of human soul greater in extent than trade, craft, law or medicine can ever travel.

Not more solemn, and oftentimes not so sad, are those other ministrations, the sad, sweet offices of the grave. How often is he asked into the holy sanctities of the death chamber, there to voice, as best he may, the law of love which he understands to be the law of nature. He carries there the ministrations of a rational faith. He can testify that the religion of this world, which he preaches and tries to practice, is the religion which also makes the thought of another world a possible, an attractive, and sustaining one. What has he to say to bereaved parents, to stricken children? What has he to say by the coffin and at the grave? This—that there are no wastages in this universe; that nothing is lost out of the bank of nature; that there is an infinite economy which conserves to some high and eternal use the grain of sand on the beach, the leaf on the tree, the song the bird throws out from among those leaves. How much more, then, the sublimest output of nature that we can study, a human mind with its unmeasured potencies, the human heart with its uncalculated loves! What has he to say in the face of the dumb agony? This—that death is no grim devil going his rounds of mischief and working his deeds of evil upon men; but that he is the angel of light, the messenger of life, the inevitable attendant upon birth. Through him is progress vouchsafed. Out of sorrow is sympathy born. In the darkness of grief do we find comradeship with neighboring souls. By death is the soul subsoiled into larger life. Through its ministrations is the community welded, sanctified. To the grave-side the Liberal minister carries no assurance born out of dogma and doctrine. He simply says, with Whittier:

> "I know not where His islands lift
> Their fronded palms in air.
> I only know they cannot drift
> Beyond His love and care."

The ministry of thought is not only good at the grave but during the harder perpexities, and oftentimes the deeper sorrows of life; and so the Liberal minister must give himself with no mental or moral reservation to the ministry of thought. He must lead many to the light through the words of Emerson, George Eliot, Victor Hugo, John Fiske, Herbert Spencer and Robert Browning. In his sermons he tries to probe to the depths and rise to the heights of the human soul. Into these sermon-prayers his soul is to be poured.

His contact with men and with nature must be taxed for these sermons. Compared with this toil, which would be agony unmitigated were it not, for the most part, ecstasy unmeasurable, all the other activities are but play. As the babe carries everything to its mouth, so the preacher must needs carry everything to his sermon. But it must first be passed through his own thought-mills, and the flour must be moulded by his own meditations and baked in the fire of his own convictions ere it can become the bread of life to any human soul. In his thought of man he is inspired to work unceasingly; in his thought of God he finds rest unspeakable. More and more does he become enamored of the religion of the "Open Road." The trend of his preaching is away from the church of any denomination or sect, but toward the churches of all denominations, all sects and all

nations. His interest in religion grows with his increasing acquaintanceship with religions. Such acquaintance not only brings him into fellowship with the saints of the past, or prophets and apostles of the faith that was, but also with the heralds of science, prophets and apostles of the faith that is to be.

Along Long Lines.

There was once a neat villa-like residence built in a new allotment of a growing city. The grounds were graded and tastefully laid out, with winding paths and what in after years became beautiful shade-trees and thickets of choice shrubbery. In the center of the newly-turfed lawn were planted some castor-beans, near by which a small rock-maple was set out. By the end of the summer the bean plants had shot up to a height that commanded the attention of the passers-by, suggesting an almost tropical luxuriance, while the young maple seemed insignificant enough and received little notice and less praise from the sidewalk and street. It was somewhat trying to the maple's natural self-love, this admiration so readily bestowed upon its neighbors; but it possessed a wise faith and a patience born of that faith, and it comforted itself with the thought of summers yet to come, and meanwhile strove to run its roots more deeply down into the friendly earth. By and by came the autumn frosts and the bean plants perished, stalk and leaf. The little maple also cast its leaves, but not without some flame of color which seemed to halo it with the promise of better life even in temporary decay. Then came another spring. The maple reddened at the touch of sun and south-wind and soft shower, flung out its tasseled blooms, shot up a foot and a half higher, and stood clothed in richer foliage than it had known before. There was no sprout to mark the spot where the bean plants had grown in such luxuriance through the previous summer.

It was years afterward that upon this same lawn two men sat under the grateful shade of a beautiful rock-maple, thick-foliaged and symmetrical, while people passing by beneath the hot sun looked enviously at the comfort thus enjoyed by the owner of the grounds and his neighbor guest. They were talking upon a religious movement then recently begun in the well-grown city, and in which they both had perhaps equal interest but not like faith and a like patience born of faith. One was disheartened that the people in general showed no more interest in what seemed to him so well deserving both interest and generous support; while other new organizations in the city were surpassing it in present popularity, rapidity of growth and apparent influence. His companion quoted in reply the proverb of "the day of small things"; reminded him of the necessarily slow growth of thought and spiritual faith both in the individual and the collective life, for the most part; that in these matters there is an educative process to go through, and supply must in large measure precede demand and educate that demand; that there is quality as well as quantity in the influences that go to the shaping of human character and conduct; that organizations and institutions, like trees, have a root growth as well as a top growth, and that outward luxuriance is no sure measure of inward values and lasting power. All the while this conversation was going on, the overshadowing maple was an interested listener. It longed to say something which it had learned from the lips of Nature in the course of its own experience; but it had no tongue for human ears. It could not tell its own story. But it called to memory the castor-bean plants of that early summer, and was very grateful for the faith and courage that had enabled it to plan its life and to do its work in the world upon longer lines than one brief season could measure. F. L. H.

The Ethics of Business.

"Business is business." There is a specious fallacy hidden under this old saw. Business is not business when it ignores the law of equity. Business is not business when it does not give fair equivalents for value received. Business is not business when it adds to the misery of the world. Business is not business when it is deaf to the demands of justice, blind to the wail of suffering. Business under such circumstances is robbery, crime, perdition. Business, on the other hand, when it wooes fair-handed justice, when it courts beauty and gentleness, duty and usefulness, when it adds to the wealth of the world, when it distributes comforts, rises out of business into patriotism, philanthropy, religion. The most unbusiness-like thing done by business men in this world to-day is divorcing the counting-room from the church, the office from the home; the having one side for their employés and their customers, another side for their companions in the club, the church, the home. It is a pitiable anomaly that is presented to us in the man of whom we hear so often, "very kind at home, tender in his family, but sharp and severe in business." A lioness is kind to her whelps, a tigress is tender to her kittens! We have a right to expect more than that from a business man.

This tyrannical dogma, "Business is business," which hedges around the counting-room, has generated in our business men a fatalistic hopelessness which takes it for granted that there can be no amelioration of the law of the survival of the fittest in human realms, making the strongest identical with the fittest, forgetting that the law which obtains in some quarters is the survival of the wittiest.

"Business is business" when it is transacted in the light of an old-fashioned law called the "Golden Rule." We must penetrate commerce with love, we must pierce the shield of the tradesman with the arrow of justice, we must glorify the producer above the speculator. The man who *makes* is higher than the man who manipulates, though the latter may be necessary. In this matter we are still in the toils of the last generation; we have not come into the freedom of the industrial age, the true democracy of toil. We have written some songs about the "working man," but we flee from his career as from a pestilence. Not until the *artisan* is recognized as first brother to the *artist* will he receive his just place in society.

In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, the post of honor was held by the priest; for him the privileges of life were held in fee. He monopolized learning. The ability to read and write was sufficient evidence that the possessor was entitled to the "privileges of the clergy." In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the warrior occupied the post of honor; war was the legitimate vocation of the gentleman, and the soldier was the favorite of society. In the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries the tradesman comes to the front—commerce sways the destinies of nations, and the fellow who can make the most money is the best man. In accordance with this spirit, to learn to "cast accounts" properly is the practical education. Anything that does not make a book-keeper of the child is a "fad," and must be kept out of the way. But in the twentieth and twenty-first centuries he who can do something, he who has a skilled hand and a trained eye will be honored. The industrial age is coming. The domination of priest, warrior, and merchant will give way to the domination of the enlightened craftsman. He who can toil and direct toil to the benefit of the toiler, will be king of men; him we will honor with songs of praise and thanksgiving.

Business men must yet learn to enlarge the bounds of their business theories and find business methods to alleviate the suffering of the innocent, letting the law which brings agony for misdeeds alone have its full sway. Of course, you will smile, some of you, and say, "There must be something wrong with people who are so unfortunate." Of course there is; the same kind of thing is the matter with them that has been the matter with every one of us more than once in our lives, and might have been the matter with us to-day if somebody had not given us a lift at the right time and in the right way. Of course something is wrong. Some one has sinned, some one has blundered, but he is a bold man who dares try to put his finger on the spot where the responsibility rests, he is a daring accountant who will venture to post these books of human lives. It is not our business to pass judgment on other people's blunders, but it is our business to take cognizance of the misery of the world and to do what we can to soften it. It is everybody's business to recognize the maladjustments of life, heightened as they are by the very triumphs of the age, and to do everything possible to secure a truer adjustment. It is our business to be uneasy in our clothing as long as a single stitch in it has been taken by one breathing vitiated air and suffering from underpay. It is our business to make the pampered bed of luxury, bought by ill-gotton and untimely gains, a bed of nettles for him who lies thereon. It our business to call things by their right names. Extortion and greed are as despicable in the millionaire as they are in the peddler. It is our business to recognize that larceny whether petit or grand, is stealing, and that stealing is not honest. Legitimate business should have no secrets. The books of the honest tradesman ought to be open for inspection. It is our business to have a care for the souls and bodies of those who serve us, whose labor we may direct and whose toil ought to be for our mutual profit. Thus may we help to usher in that industrial age, the age of equity and of democracy, the age when a trained hand will serve an enlightened brain. May it not be the Columbian age, America's true triumphant and overwhelming gift to the world?

When life as such is understood, there will not be so much talk about the religions. It will be seen that there is, and can be, only one sufficient life, and that religious; as also only one religion, and that the religion of life.—*Ecce Spiritus.*

The truer view of religion, the only one that can stand the tests of deepening culture and experience, regards it not as the relief from life, but as its crown and completion.—*Ecce Spiritus.*

The philosopher is he to whom the highest has descended and the lowest has mounted up, who is the equal and kindly brother of all.—*Carlyle.*

Christ was the greatest radical of his time, or of any time.—*Phillips Brooks.*

Men and Things.

The Bishop Brooks Memorial Commit have announced the closing of the fu the amount subscribed having reac $77,200. Among the donations was one $5,000 from President Seth Low, of C lumbia College.—*The Independent.*

Mrs. Harvot Holt Cahoon, of the S frage Club, is one of the brightest of t woman prophets. She firmly believes t women are the equal of the men in eve thing. So far in her life she has exemp fied her belief. She is one of the editors the *New York Recorder*, and she fills t position with the breadth of brain and he it calls for.—*The Club.*

One of the most remarkable women New York to-day is Rhoda Holmes Nicho an officer of the New York Water Co Club. She made her name under Camera the Italian painter, when in Europe. S has splendid ideas on the co-operation women's art clubs, and no doubt will so day perfect her theories. She believes women workers should be organized in c great body.—*The Club.*

Rev. Edward A. Laurence, pastor of t First Congregational church of Baltimo one of the most wealthy and aristocra churches in the city, has left his handso house and made his abode in the teneme house district. He has taken two rooms the third floor of a house in which live f laboring families. It is his desire to beco better acquainted with the poor people a help them if he can. Frank D. Thomps a Johns Hopkins University student, li with Mr. Laurence.

Someone recently asked Secret Charles Foster as to the result of his perience in public life, and whether, af having been congressman, governor, a secretary of the treasury, he thought "t game worth the candle." He replied: don't know as it is, in the money way, b it is different if you look at it from t higher standpoint that Garfield took. held that the rewards of public life we greater than those of money making. held the satisfaction of soul which ari from the dealing with great questions, t having the esteem of your friends, and t applause of the world as things not to compared with money. I think he w right."

"Let every woman," writes Mrs. Fra E. Russell, of St. Paul, "who lives a sh tered and easy life, think of the many w are obliged to go out in all weathers, their shops, school-rooms, offices, or in t care of their families, and who cannot affo to add to the cares of their lives the nervo strain that comes of a consciousness of ge eral disapprobation of their appearance. these sheltered, unburdened women w wear for a part of the time, for walking, summer outings, for activity of any kin some style of dress which leaves hands a feet entirely untrammeled by drapery going up and down stairs, they will do all a lasting service by helping to mak reasonable exercise dress so common as attract no attention."—*Review of Revie*

The death of M. Taine removes one the few remaining great lights in Freu serious literature. The fact that he w buried by a Protestant pastor has broug to light a very curious fact in connecti with his ethical belief. M. Taine was Materialist, maintaining strongly in books that virtue and vice were as muc product of the climate as sugar and vineg but, when his children had to be educat he wished them to receive a religious edu tion. He and his wife, therefore, re through the Catholic catechism used in t Paris schools, but, finding it filled, as thought, with assertions contrary to the ve foundations of modern culture, they decid it was impossible to subject their childr to such teaching. They then turned to t Protestants, whose catechism they also re After a time, M. Taine decided that, althou that faith was certainly not his, it rep sented the traditional form of religi teaching that he desired for his children. *Review of Reviews.*

On the 24th day of April, 1792, the May of Strassbourg, Dietrich, gave a banquet a company of volunteers who were about join the army. Four days earlier, Fra had declared war on Austria and Prus and in consequence the prevailing sentime was one of intense patriotism. One of t participants at the banquet was the capt of engineers, Claude Joseph Rouget de Lis at that time thirty-two years old. He w born May 10, 1760, at Lons le Saulni The young officer was known as a success amateur musician and poet. Mayor Dietri asked him if he could not undertake write a war song for the departing volu teers. Rouget de Lisle answered yes, a went home. That whole night he sat at desk, and when the morning of April dawned, the "Marseillaise" was finish It was the result of one night's work. T author had called it *Chant de Guerre d Armee du Rhin.* On that very day May Dietrich had it played by a full orchestra the market place in Strassbourg, and Marseillaise celebrated its first trumph *Music.*

Contributed and Selected.

Questioning.

iat if imagination's play
sumes thought's clearer, truer way
d cheats our souls with fancy's dream,
th hopes that are not, only seem?—

Plato's philosophic scheme
d Jesus' teaching by the stream
re naught but fine cerebral fires
ing when the man expires?

iat if the martyr's faith and hope
re only passion's broader scope
realize the general plan
d bridge the space twixt God and man?

e all the loves of human hearts
t perfect wholes, but only parts
the great universal whole,
d lost, the individual soul?

song of bird or tint of flower
auty to please a passing hour,
id not to mould our souls to know
ve around, above, below?

ily nature's sensuous jest
l the sunsets in the west?
their colors' vying glow
there nothing we may know?—

there never voice of One
ho bids us look beyond the sun
) Him on whom men ever cry
hen the hour of travail's nigh?

ie worshiper of holy fires
) the same lofty height aspires
we, whose souls burn clear and strong
) strengthen right, to weaken wrong.

lost this vast, resistless power,
ie soldier's calm, the prophet's dower,
hich grows and grows from age to age,
rit in history's crimsoned page?

om earliest dawn of man's estate
) the last soul who whispers "wait,"
e see through faith, the best word spoken
Love, not power, but love unbroken.

is word must pass from tongue to tongue,
s truth throughout the world be rung,
evealed through Science's open gate
id souls divinely conquering fate.

MARY E. COLE.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

The Partnership of Religions.

Time was when the religions were oroughly Ishmaelitish in their char-cter—their hands were against each ther, and they never employed hatred, ersecution, war, with more compla-ency than when they engaged in utual extermination. They set to eir work not like vulgar animals ith teeth and claw, but prayer was rst on their lips and holy ceremonials ccupied their hands. So gross was eir conceit that they never consid-ed themselves inspired by ordinary elings. Their indignation was ghteous all the time. Their sanctity overed a multitude of sins. They aimed Divine patronage and privi-ge to the confusion of their rivals, nd when they went to private or ublic slaughter, lit the flames of ersecution, or committed similar trocities, why it was only for the reater glory of God.

Those days are passed, God be anked. The religions are getting ack to original principles. It is be-inning to be recognized that no sect r creed can claim to constitute God's wn publication society. There is no ne book, no one code, no one reve-tion, no one priest, which is the xclusive property of one class or de-omination. God's heaven has many indows. He has not scattered so lentifully the flowers in every clime, ausing the Edelweiss to shine at the lacier's edge, to limit the knowledge f His truth. He is too universal to e narrowed down to one petty church. Love, truth, humility, justice, faith, the flowers that adorn and glorify humanity, are common to all the creeds, and there is none so humble as not to be illumined by some of the virtues that condition human happiness.

What could not the religions accomplish if they more generally recognized their partnership in the link of human betterment as the *leit motif* in the symphony of humanity? Surely the age is awakening to the consciousness of this fact, with all its tremendous possibilities for good. Narrowness, bigotry, prejudice still exist in overwhelming proportions, but latent elements are exercising their influence. The narrowness which was evoked by the nightmare of the past will vanish more and more as we sweep into the broader day. People are vastly better than their beliefs. The borderland between the creeds is widening. We are men and women first, and the common griefs and joys of humanity, the ever-changing drama of life and death, unites humanity strongly in bands of sympathy, which no ecclesiastical traditions can wrench apart.

It should be the province of the Jew to be among the first to plead for the partnership of religions. He has suffered so much from religions that persecute, his history has been such a continuous crucifixion, that his should be the noble revenge of doing to others as others have never done to him. And the Jewish pulpit and press, which are presumed to champion and vindicate Judaism, should seize this as their central purpose. Avoiding narrowness and petty views, and arousing their public to the broad foundations of Judaism, let them prepare for the new age and the new currents.—*Jewish Messenger.*

THE third annual report of the College Settlement Association brings out the fact that, although that organization is but three years old, eleven of the colleges for women are officially connected with it, and there is every indication that several other colleges will speedily unite with them. Three Settlements, one in Philadelphia, one in New York, and one in Boston, are in active operation. Hull House, Chicago, although conducted on similar lines, is supported by individual generosity, and is more correctly described as a Social Settlement. The *Christian Union* has more than once expressed its confidence in the practical value of this concerted effort to bring the educated young women of the country into direct contact with the pressing social problems, and with the great classes in our large cities, from intercourse with whom they are so entirely cut off under ordinary conditions. As training-schools and observation stations in the social revolution now in progress, these Settlements, together with the University Settlements in this city, the Andover House in Boston, and kindred organizations, afford the opportunity of scientific investigation, as well as an outlet for personal enthusiasm and devotion. It is too early as yet to attempt to measure with any exactness the practical value of these efforts, but, whether their outcome be great or small, they are steps in a direction in which men and women of training, culture, and means must move, if the great classes in our communities are ever to be brought together and society is to realize the ideal of organic unity. So far, the work in the College Settlements has been largely experimental, but it has already well-defined lines of activity, and it is taking on many forms, practical, philanthropic, and educational. The response of the communities in which these Settlements are placed shows that they are working on right lines; and the growing interest of college students and graduates in them gives promise, on the other side, of a more generous support and a wider basis for action in the future. —*Christian Union.*

The Word of Spring.

The grass grows green upon the hills;
Song-birds with leaf and bud are here;
Sweet Hope the heart with gladness fills
Of what will be in God's great year!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

Correspondence.

Editorial Correspondence.

It was decreed early in the winter that the Senior Editor of UNITY should have a let up after Easter, inasmuch as he was to be at his post throughout the six months of the Columbian Festival. No Tower Hill rusticity, no long rides on "Jess" for him this summer. The work at All Souls was to culminate at Easter time, after that it was to be playtime, and Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer, of Providence, Rhode Island, had undertaken the task of letting "ye Editor" down easy from the tension of work to the relaxation of play, by arranging for him a series of engagements in the serene, clean and finished old town of Providence, at that time.

But nature decreed that Easter was two weeks too remote, and so the good mother insisted that the Editor should assume the horizontal for most of the time during these last two weeks of March. But she permitted him to rise from a sick-bed to conduct his Easter service, and nature's aid, the good physician, consented that he should leave home on Easter evening to cancel his own engagements in person, thus escaping the raw winds of April in Chicago, and winning the restoration which the sunny breezes of some southern valley might bring. Thus armed, the Editor sallied forth in no very martial mood. His first stop was at Meadville, and the young men, aye, and the young women, too, at the Meadville Theological School, were to him such a tonic that it compensated for the labor of lecturing on Monday afternoon in the familiar old chapel on "The Cacti." The next morning the journey was resumed, the last end of the day yielding four blessed hours with the Gannetts at Rochester — four hours, equivalent in vacation potency to as many days elsewhere. At ten o'clock in the evening the journey was resumed, and at eleven next day the Editor presented himself, somewhat out of repair, at the happy home of the Spencers in Providence. This brace of parsons, two preachers in one family, were in attendance upon the Channing Conference, whither we were invited to join them for dinner, but prudence was the better part of valor, and so the Editor assumed the horizontal, in which attitude he consulted the oracle as to whether he would cancel or fulfill the three o'clock engagement. It was fulfilled, and the Rhode Island Women's Club, a large company of brainy and hearty women, listened to his story of the Exposition that was and is to be. Next day the Rhode Island Women's Suffrage Association were addressed in the afternoon on that most valued friend of women, who so nobly lends his genius to her cause, Henrik Ibsen, the great Scandinavian dramatist. On the third day, in the evening, he spoke in the Y. M. C. A. Building, under the auspices of the "Y's" of the W. C. T. U. on "Tobacco; the Second Intoxicant." His audience was a *sympathetic*, but not of the most *inspiring* kind, consisting of a larger number of young women than of young men, so that the majority of his audience were quite on the side of the lecturer. But, in compensation, these young women, not to be balked by complications of circumstances, secured for the lecturer a five-minute chance at two hundred or more boys, who were being feasted in the rooms below, after the close of the lecture upstairs. That was a chance of a lifetime to attack the cigarette curse. On Saturday at eleven, the State Normal School of Rhode Island gathered her great flock of bright school mistresses, prospective and actual, to listen to his word of "The Parent to the Teacher," prefacing this "Piece," by request, with a fifteen-minute talk on the Columbian Exposition. It was a kindling company. To face them was good medicine to a sick man. Sunday morning he stood in the place of Rev. Mr. Lord, pastor of the First Church in Providence, a most beautiful old church, but, for all its beauty, the Editor hardly felt at home in that mediatorial pulpit, hung midway between heaven and earth. He hardly knew whom to deliver his message to, too far away from folks, and not near enough to the angels. The day will come when even the venerable beauty and the sacred traditions cannot conspire to hold the live man so far away from living men and women. These latter days have elevated religion by lowering the pulpit, and increased the scope of the preacher's mission by bringing him down nearer to the level of his fellow-beings. In the afternoon, at 3 p. m. the Editor stood in the beautiful Bell Street Chapel, the unique gift of one man's high devotion, Mr. Eddy; over the multiform activities of this chapel Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer presides. It was for the sake of speaking here on "The Great Truce of Bigotry, the Coming World's Parliament of Religion," that all the other engagements were made. The chapel was filled with earnest listeners, and the theme was inspiring, whether the speaker was or not.

On Monday, at three p. m., the editor again met an earnest and large company of helpers at the annual meeting of the Providence Kindergarten Association, held in the stately hall of the venerable and live Brown University. Miss Haven of New York, chief of the kindergarten work, associated with Professor Adler's movement, gave the leading paper, a sun-clear statement of the fundamental principals of the kindergarten. It was delightful to hear this new day lever of progress reduced to plain English stripped of the mysticism and technical occultism which too often is hung around it by those who still keep the whole system in that Hegelian limbo of metaphysics that is suspended in mid-air. Two other addresses followed, one from Ye Editor.

In the evening he made his "positively last appearance" before a Providence audience at the Unitarian Club. It was woman's night, and the most elegant hall in the city was crowded. The man from Chicago spoke on the "Spiritual Values of the Columbian Exposition," and he was followed by an oracular deliverance from the seer, Charles G. Ames, and it was further discussed, by Rev. Mr. Lombard, Plymouth. At the close of this feast, the editor hied himself to the "sleeper" and woke up next morning in New York, where in transit, he sends these notes back to UNITY readers, not without a reflection or two.

First: How was it that he, a stranger, unknown, was thus enabled to strike so respectable and staid a town as Providence in midship touching eight times in six days these varied and living interests? It was because

Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer represents religion at work in this city. She is an unfrocked Bishop of the Humanities. She is pastor of the Heavenly Secularities in that town, and when she asks for help or makes a suggestion, not the Unitarians, nor yet the Liberals, but the citizens of Providence know her voice and heed it.

Second: How did this horizontal editor, sick, after a winter's work, manage to get through this circuit of speaking? Because he was economically sequestered all the rest of the time. Because there is great medicinal power in contact with noble people; because there are remedial forces in keeping one's engagements; and, lastly, by these easy stages did he let himself down from the tension of Chicago toil to the relaxation which he now seeks.

Third: Whither is the Editor going now? Nobody is to know. Both the editor and the preacher have been shuffled off, and for the next two weeks the man hopes to revel in sunshine, flowers, outdoors, afoot or on horseback, and he expects to be at his post again, in time to superintend the issue of UNITY of May the 4th in its new dress, and to speak from the pulpit of All Souls on the 30th of April. Until then, he bids the many loyal and loving friends, Farewell.

Church Door Pulpit.

The Jesus of the Gospels and the Jesus of History.

BY PROF. J. ESTLIN CARPENTER OF MANCHESTER NEW COLLEGE, OXFORD, ENGLAND. THE "MC-QUAKER LECTURE," DELIVERED AT ABERDEEN, EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW, DECEMBER, 1982.

(*Concluded.*)

I have spoken of seeing Jesus "through the haze of later legends," which give to him an unreal greatness. There is another veil which hides him from us in his real greatness, "the limitations and beliefs of his age." How much of these, as they are presented to us in the Gospels, did he share? He uses the common language of his countrymen concerning demoniacal possession. Does he do so by way of accommodation to his hearers, or in the simplicity of genuine conviction? There is no trace that he adopts a point of view that is not his own. He recognizes that others beside himself can work with healing power upon the possessed: "If I by Beelzebub cast out devils, by whom do your sons cast them out? therefore shall they be your judges." (*Matt.* XII. 27.) But can we accept this as a satisfactory interpretation of the facts? Admirable is the courage of Prof. Sanday, who affirms that so far as Jesus shared this belief, he shares it too.* Yet it is with a true instinct that Prof. Huxley recently fixed on the Gadarene miracle as the practical key to the whole position. If epileptic disease was due to demoniacal possession in the days of Jesus, to what is it due now? Can we isolate one little group of phenomena in a particular time and place, and say "these were produced by a special outburst of diabolic craft," while the same phenomena, in other countries or at other times, are explained by natural causes? The roots of Jewish demonology are not obscure; they can be traced back to the magic of ancient Babylonia. The practices of Jewish exorcism, as they are described by Josephus and in the Talmud, have their parallel in nearly every country on the globe. Yet this belief has wholly vanished from our modern thought. The evil spirits with Satan at their head have been expelled from a universe which has no room for their causation. I find it impossible to suppose that any theory of a veiled omniscience can account for this lapse into a plain survival of a lower stage of thought. No self-surrender of pre-existing knowledge could result in such an error. *The Second Person of the Godhead could not have held this faith if it were not true.* I cannot persuade myself that it was true; and I am compelled, therefore, to reject the claim which Jesus never made in his own behalf, and pronounce him to this extent a man, a son of his country, of his age, and race.

Once more, we have seen that the Gospel records agree in presenting Jesus as the Messiah. He does not, indeed, according to the oldest tradition, at first openly assume this character. In what capacity he understood it, time is now lacking to inquire. But I cannot read the story and dislodge it altogether from his thought. In the crisis of his ministry at Cæsarea Philippi, he accepts the title proffered him by the eager Peter, and he afterwards pays for his acceptance with his life. I wish now, however, to lay stress upon the language ascribed to him immediately after he has announced his resolve to go to Jerusalem at all risks, concerning the coming of the Son of Man. "The Son of Man shall come in the glory of his Father with his angels; and then shall he render to every man according to his deeds. Verily I say unto you, there be some of them which stand here, which shall in no wise taste of death till they see the Son of Man coming in his kingdom" (*Matt.* XVI. 27, 28). The same prediction is made two days before the Passover on the Mount of Olives. The tribulation which shall precede it is described at length; the final signs are named, the darkened sun, the moon eclipsed, stars falling from the sky. The tribes of earth shall mourn, and they shall see the Son of Man coming on the clouds of heaven with power and with great glory. And to this prophecy the solemn attestation is affixed, "Verily I say unto you, this generation shall not pass away till all these things be accomplished. Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away." (*Mark* XIII. 30, 31; *Matt.* XXIV. 34, 35.)

No language could more definitely limit the time-range of the great event. We know how this hope fed the early church. The Apostle Paul is a sufficient witness. "By the word of the Lord" he tells the brethren at Thessalonica not to sorrow without hope for the friends who left them ere the Lord appeared. They too should share in the approaching triumph: "For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel and the trump of God; and the dead in Christ shall rise first; then we that are alive, that are left, shall together with them be caught up in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we be ever with the Lord" (1 *Thess.* IV. 15-17). The language of Jesus, then, was understood by his followers to mean that he would return in their own life-time with his great commission to "judge the world in righteousness" (*Acts* XVII. 31). Tradition told how from their very midst he had been silently lifted off the ground, and borne aloft till a cloud received him out of their sight; when two white-robed visitants in human form assured them that this Jesus which was received up from them into heaven, should so come in like manner as they beheld him going into heaven (*Acts* I. 11). But Jerusalem fell, and still the Lord came not. The prayers that rose with passionate longing for his return remained unanswered; the years passed into generations, the generations into centuries, until at length the Catholic Church accommodated itself to the continuance of the present order; what had been once awaited with such eager hope began now to excite a vague alarm, and the cry that he would *hasten*, came actually to be exchanged for the petition that he would *delay* the great consummation.* But what can we say of these words? I will not enter now into the various devices by which their meaning has been evaded. Only three alternatives seem to me possible. Either Jesus, as the Church supposed, predicted his own return, but the date assigned for it passed by, and the prophecy was never fulfilled; or, secondly, as many modern critics have thought, the words (in their present form) have been erroneously attributed to him; or, thirdly, they described in figurative language borrowed from the book of Daniel the speedy advent of a great world crisis, in which he himself however, claimed no share. Observe that Jesus never says "I shall return"; he nowhere announces "You shall see *me* coming"; he never declares in his own person, "I shall judge mankind." If this last view be tenable,† Jesus is relieved of the imputations of fanaticism and arrogance which have been founded on the supposition that he identified himself with this final scene. His error consisted only in a too fervent faith in what he deemed the purposes of God. It is always the illusion of noble souls to think the triumph of righteousness nearer than it is. As Jesus opened his ministry by declaring the kingdom of heaven at hand, so he closed it by telling the High Priest that he and his colleagues on the Sanhedrin should themselves see the Son of Man coming with the clouds of heaven (*Mark* XIV. 62, *Matt.* XXIV. 64). It was a daring and magnificent assertion; but it was not vindicated by events. The series of conceptions to which it belongs, have then no place in a Christianity which has to adapt itself to a world that abides instead of passing away. The drama of God's dealings with man is not divided into two great acts — the age that now is, and the age to come — by a vast display, a resurrection, and a judgment day. We do not look for tombs to open, or the sea to give up its dead. No trumpet blast will summon all the nations to the world's assize. All this is but the temporary element in the thought of Jesus. Belonging to the current beliefs of his time, it has no part in his enduring teaching. It brings no message to our modern time, until it is translated into forms from which all that is local and specific has been cast out. Not through these Jewish notions does he make God known, not through such prophecies does he "show us the Father." The permanent, the imperishable element, is a truth in life that lies behind.

IV.

THE SECRET OF HIS ENDURING POWER.

And how can a truth in life be stated? It can indeed only be *felt in living*. Reduced into propositions, packed into formulæ, it loses its beauty and ceases to be desired. The Gospel-words which have for us the deepest meaning are very possibly not those which seemed to Jesus himself of first importance. His object was to prepare his people for the change he deemed so near. But the sayings which give to us the most significant glimpses into his inner mind, which reveal to us the depth of his sense of the presence of God, or send the most penetrating light through our own conscience, are dropped, as it were, by the wayside, or struck o like sparks from some hidden fire colloquy with critics or opponen He is prophet, poet, seer, all in on but his meaning is often to be fe rather than stated, comprehended sympathy rather than expounded words. The preacher tells you th he taught the Fatherhood of God a the Brotherhood of Man, and you fe that you have heard that before. T phrase is dulled by its monotony; yo are not interested. But you read t Gospels, and the words become qui with power. You see a man engag in the greatest of all tasks, the a tempt to translate ideas into lif Here is what makes history and u lifts the race, for that which mov the world is thought and charact embodied in a high endeavor. " through the haze of later legend a the limitations and beliefs of the age you feel the force of a mighty perso ality, you are brought within t range of a vivid moral influence, yo are in contact with a new source spiritual energy.

It is sometimes asked what there in Christianity which there was not the Judaism out of which it issue Had not Israel already worked o those truths on which Jesus fixed the most characteristic expression religion and duty? It is true th within the limits of Israel, in t Psalmists of the Second Temple, t note of the Gospel is sounded aga and again in advance; and in o sense, what Jesus did was to thro open to mankind the faith which ha become the inheritance of his natio to state as a universal truth what ha hitherto been realized only in one hi toric line. But it was just that f which the insight of a new soul w needed. To those, therefore, who te us that there is nothing more Christianity than there was in Jud ism, we may reply that there is Jes himself. He does not step forwa before his countrymen as the found of a new religion. He is not co sciously the bringer of fresh revelatio He does not stand, as Paul stood, at crisis in human history, when o divinely ordained power is being placed by another, and the law wi its national restrictions is abolished favor of the Spirit of life which w make Greek and Jew all one Christ. Jesus establishes no orga zation; he creates no Church.* H does not foresee that the state march of the generations of men w go on without break for eighteen cen uries, occupying lands whose ve existence was unknown; still le does he foresee that for eighteen cen uries men will look back to him the leader of their life. But neverth less he has become so. In virtue the intensity of his own religion proves the quickener, the inspirer ours. That which he saw, he teach us to see. We get from him the sight, though we know not how comes, as our spirits rise into clos fellowship with his. It is becau the springs of our faith are fed fro the same sources. For the permane element in the teaching of Jesus d not concern himself. That wou have had of necessity a local and temporary form, whose interest wou have faded when he passed fro sight. But it concerned the tw beings who will remain face to fa with each other as long as the wor lasts, man and God. It present them in a relation which was n stated by him for the first time, b which won a fresh force and sco through his personal experience of Here was a new significance given the love of God; here was set for with new hope and power the desti of men. In returning to the historic

Contemporary Review, September, 1892, p. 350.

*Tertullian, *Apologeticus*, 32, soon after 200 A. D.

†Carpenter's *First Three Gospels*, chap. vii. §§ 4, 5.

* I agree with Wendt, *Die Lehre Jesu*, p. 612, t the only two passages where the word church curs, *Matt.* xvi. 18, xviii. 17, are of later date in t present form.

Jesus we do not return to a supreme and absolute authority. We cannot escape the responsibility which he lays on us, to judge ourselves what is right. But we recognize that that consciousness of God's nearness which is with us often so dim, so inarticulate, so intermittent, was with him constant and clear; and we trust his higher vision because we can verify it, however imperfectly, in our own religious experience. It is true that our intellectual apprehension of God, in his relation to the world at large, includes manifold elements which were not present to his thought. We do not suppose that he knew the distance to the sun, or could analyze the light of the fixed stars. The universe which we behold is the same to sense, but how changed is our interpretation of it. Yet there is one element in it concerning which he has still more to tell us than we could have to teach him — The nature of the Power that lies at its heart, man's kinship with it, his duties towards it, his hopes and expectations from it. These have not altered because Priestley discovered oxygen, or Murchison told the story of the rocks, or Darwin sought for the origin of species. We may have superior science, but Jesus has the imperishable in religion: for he has shown us how Law and Love are both of them aspects of the same great unity: the daily sunrise and the sparrow's fall are alike embraced within one Order, of which man is part. So we will strive after his fundamental aim, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness;" with trembling we accept his awful law, "Be ye therefore perfect even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect;" and we know that in these endeavors lies the fullest promise for the true progress of mankind. In working out the ideas of the Gospel is the surest hope for deliverance from worldliness, for the overcoming of evil, for the elevation of life. The conditions of the present time may be far more complex, but the moral problem — the problem of character — is still the same, and the solution cannot be different. The Jesus of history still holds the key for the welfare and the happiness of his race.

The Study Table.

Periodicals.

Littell's Living Age completes its 49th year with No. 2543. Its articles cover a wide range of subjects, including biographical and historical papers, reviews, essays and fiction. It maintains its high standards. Among the latest contributions are Herbert Spencer's "The Inadequacy of Natural Selection"; "A King's Treasurer," by H. C. McDowell; "Venetian Melody," by Addington Symonds; and "Trained Workers for the Poor," by the well-known philanthropist, Octavia Hill. A year's reading of Littell covers a wide and valuable range of topics. The cream of the British periodical press is here obtainable.

THE *Forum*, for April, has a notable article on the "Purification of Elections," written from the English standpoint by Sir Henry James, a paper on "Church Union a Necessity," by W. De Hyde, president of Bowdoin College, an article very suggestive and broad considering the standpoint of the writer—and one on the "Public Schools of Chicago and St. Paul," by Dr. J. M. Rice. Chicago residents who read and smiled at the presentation of the New York schools a few months ago by this same author can realize now how it feels to take the same kind of castigation. Chicago must lose its conceit and go to work in earnest if it is not willing to sink into the same class with New York.

THE *Atlantic*, for April, has for its leading article the last of four pages on "Old Kaskaskia," by Mary Hartwell Catherwood. Illinois is rising to the dignity of romance under her delightful touch. E. E. Hale continues his youthful history under the title, "My College Days"; Alexander V. G. Allen writes upon "Phillips Brooks"; Stuart Stern contributes an article on "The Country Unexplored." From first to last this magazine is excellent.

Poet Lore is rich in numerous articles upon various Shakspearean subjects and varies the ordinary topics by one on "The Socialistic Thread in the Life and Works of William Morris," by Professor Trigg.

THE *Inquirer* (London) of March 25 and April 1, contains a paper by Rev. Marion Murdoch, B. D., upon "Walt Whitman on Immortality." The paper was read at the house of Professor J. Estlin Carpenter, Oxford, on a recent Sunday evening, as the last of a series on "Immortality in the Poets." Miss Murdoch writes in a judicial spirit, not overlooking Whitman's limitations and defects while fully recognizing his power and unique quality as the poet of a new era. The paper is a very interesting study of the poet touching the thought of immortality.

The Newest Books.

All books sent to UNITY for review will be promptly acknowledged under this heading, and all that seem to be of special interest to the readers of UNITY will receive further notice.

The Silver Situation in the United States. By F. W. Taussig, LL.B. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 133. 75 cts.

Voodoo Tales. By Mary Alicia Owen. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 310. $1.75.

McQuaker Trust Lectures. By P. H. Wicksteed, M. A., J. E. Carpenter, M. A. and John Page Hopps. London: British & Foreign Unitarian Ass'n. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 88. 50 cts.

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From Prof. O. B. Frothingham, Boston.

The book has been received and perused. Allow me to thank you for sending it to me as one capable of judging its argument. I find it original and able. Its frankness, outspokenness, boldness, interest me greatly. It goes to the roots of the matters. It has long been my conviction that the belief in the deity of Christ was the essence of Christianity. . . . You do a service in printing it. I would advise its wide circulation.

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Notes from the Field.

Chicago.—The headquarters at 175 Dearborn street are undergoing repairs and new furnishing in part. The special funds for this improvement are contributed by friends in the city. New carpets have been bought for the two central rooms, which, with their newly papered walls, will make attractive receptiou quarters for our visiting friends at the May conference and through the months of the World's Fair. It is intended to make our Western Unitarian headquarters a meeting-place and bureau of information for the friends from out of town. They will always find some one in the office between the morning and late-afternoon hours. The Secretary of the Western Conference has been much more in the field than in the Chicago office for the last three months, but he will now be more at home. Mrs. Perkins, Secretary of the Women's Conference, will usually be found at her desk. No questions will be asked as to the particular theology of any grip-sack or parcel that may be left in care for the convenience of the owner, but all alike will be laid aside on an ethical basis, without check of any sort. Come in and see us, all friends of our Western Conference and allied organizations!

Chicago Personals.—Hon. D. L. Shorey, President of the W. U. C., left last week for a month in Asheville, N. C., but will return to Chicago in season for the May meetings.

—Rev. J. Ll. Jones has gone southward *via* New England, taking a month's rest—so far as answering every call made upon him to help some brother along his route can be called taking a rest. May softer skies and airs be good to him, and prevail with him till the lake winds grow mild!

—Secretary Hosmer preached at All Souls church last Sunday.

—Rev. W. W. Fenn was in New Orleans last week between his Sundays at home, preaching the opening sermon at the Southern Conference.

—Rev. J. Vila Blake read before "The Chicago Institute of Education," last Saturday morning, a thoughtful and scholarly paper upon "Coriolanus: a study of the play and character"

Western Unitarian Conference.—The next meeting of the Directors of the W. U. C. will be held on the afternoon of Tuesday, April 25. The program of the May meetings is nearly completed. The W. U. C. part of it will have fewer papers than usual, the purpose being to allow more time (1) for discussion and (2) for the greetings and exchange of thought in more personal ways between the sessions. Many also will want to see something of the World's Fair in connection with the Conference, and there is a limit to human endurance, even though pleasure go with the care. Mr. Crothers will preach the opening sermon. Mr. Gould, of Hinsdale, will read a paper upon the relation of churches and ministers to the social and economic questions of the day. Professor Laughlin, who is at the head of the department of Economics in the Chicago University, will lead the discussion to follow Mr. Gould's paper, and Professor Hale, at the head of the department of Latin in the same University, will also speak. Another paper before the Conference will be "The Problem of the Free Church," by Rev. Charles F. Dole, of Jamaica Plain, Mass. A general discussion will follow. The subject is one of special interest at the present time, amid the restiveness in every communion under traditional limitations and restraints, and the desire for larger fellowship and individual freedom. Mr. Chadwick is expected to preach on the closing evening of the Conference (Thursday, May 18). Remember the date of the meetings: May 16–18.

Sioux City, Ia.—The Western Conference secretary was here on April 5, the evening of the annual meeting of Unity Church. The banquet preceding the business of the evening was a most pleasant affair. Plates were set for two hundred and forty in the ample first-floor rooms, and there were very few vacant places at table. The tables were beautifully decorated with flowers. Miss Safford presided, and the opposite end of the long central table was held by Miss Gordon. Following the supper Judge Wakefield was called to the chair, and the various reports for the year were read—from the Unity Circle, the Unity Club, the Junior Unity Club, the Sunday-school, the Trustees, the church Treasurer, and from the ministers through Miss Safford. These all showed a year of work steadily and successfully carried on. Miss Gordon then took the meeting in charge, and pleasant responses to her calls were made by many workers in the congregation, both men and women. Mr. Hosmer also spoke. Altogether this was an annual church meeting notable for its evidences of system and accomplishment in the year's work, and the hearty interest therein of both ministers and people. The high regard in which these two women in charge of the pastorate are held, both by their own people and in the city at large, was very manifest.

Mr. Hosmer lectured in the church on Saturday evening upon James Russell Lowell, before the Unity Club and its friends, and also preached on Sunday, both morning and evening. On Friday evening he gave the same lecture in Cherokee, where Miss Safford has gathered a congregation which is the nucleus for a future church. Already a choice lot has been bought and nearly paid for. Miss Safford preached twice here on the Sunday, and manages, with Miss Gordon, to visit this misson once a month. The Sundays between these visits the Sunday-school gathers, and a lay service is also conducted.

Pacific Coast.—"The Value of the Intellectual Life," is the title of a beautifully printed pamphlet containing Mr. Wendte's sermon upon the dedication of the memorial window to John H. Smyth. The Oakland church is already rich in its stained-glass memorials.

—Leslie W. Sprague and wife have already taken up their home in San Francisco, with the warm welcome of the people. Mr. Sprague's work as minister of the Second Church, is beginning with promise. Mr. Sprague has been elected Secretary of the Pacific Coast Conference.

—Mr. and Mrs. U. G. B. Pierce, late of Decorah, Ia., have taken charge of the Unitarian church at Pomona, succeeding to the work of Mr. and Mrs. Sprague. They will also have charge of the mission at Ontario, begun by Mr. Sprague. A lot has been paid for at Pomona, and the sum of $4,000 has been raised towards a church building, soon to be begun. Mr. Sprague gave his farewell sermon to a full house on March 12, and Mr. Pierce at once took up the succession.

—At Berkeley Mr. Payne is doing excellent work and the congregation is steadily growing.

—Joseph H. Allen, D. D., of Cambridge, Mass., is taking charge of the Unitarian church at San Diego. He generously *gives* his services to the church for six months, under its present financial burdens. Dr. Allen's presence and word are already known here by reason of previous visits. It falls to few congregations to listen to so ripe a scholar and so broad and genial a man.

—Rev. W. E. Copeland leaves Stockton to accept a call to the Unitarian church in Salem, Ore.

—The Unitarian Society at Puyallup has given a call to Rev. Wm. Mitchell, who will soon enter upon the charge there.

—John W. Chadwick is receiving hearty welcome from the churches on the coast, wherever he is able to preach or lecture.

Boston.—Rev. C. R. Eliot has resigned the pastorate of the First Parish church in Dorchester, with a view to needed rest and travel abroad. No action has yet been taken by the church, but the resignation has created wide regret. Mr. Eliot went from the Divinity School to this church eleven years ago.

—Rev. Alfred Manchester on Easter Sunday tendered his resignation as minister of the Olney-Street Unitarian church in Providence, R. I., after a pastorate of fifteen years. He goes to Barton Square church, Salem.

—Rev. Thomas Van Ness was installed in the pastorate of the Second Church on April 4, Dr. Francis G. Peabody preaching the sermon.

Pittsfield, Mass.—The Union Fast-day service this year was held in the South Church (Congregational). The sermon was preached by Rev. Carl G. Horst, (pastor of the Unitarian Church) who in his short residence here "has won the love of many and the respect of all."

Ever since Mr. Horst came "Unity Church Notes" have appeared every Monday in both of our daily papers, announcing the various meetings to be held in the church during the week, together with other items of local interest.

St. Paul, Minn.—Mr. Crothers announces the following series of Sunday evening sermons upon "The Makers of the Christian Church," from April 16 to May 21, inclusive: (1) Paul: Christianity emerging from Judaism. (2) Origen: Christianity absorbing the Greek Philosophy. (3) Augustine: Christianity grasping the Roman Ideal. (4) Ulfilas: Christianity among the Goths. (5) Chrysostom: Christianity in the Eastern Empire. (6) Hildebrand: The Church Triumphant.

The Committee on Fellowship.—New York, N. Y., April 8, 1893. The Rev. Ernest F. Borchers, formerly of the Congregationalist ministry, having sustained a thorough examination covering all points bearing upon his qualifications for the work of the Unitarian ministry; and having satisfied the Committee on Fellowship that he is in all respects worthy of their approval, is hereby commended to the fellowship of our ministers and the confidence of our churches.

W. L. CHAFFIN, *Chairman.*
D. W. MOREHOUSE, *Secretary.*

Seattle, Wash.—The N. W. Pacific Coast Unitarian Conference expects to hold its next meeting here May 3–5, and Rev. John W. Chadwick, of Brooklyn, N. Y., has accepted an invitation to preach the opening sermon and take part otherwise.

Humboldt, Ia.—A recent issue of the *Humboldt Kosmos* contains a funeral address by Rev. Thos. P. Byrnes, in which he pays thoughtful and high tribute to the late Dr. E. D. Nixon.

"White and dazzling
In the moon's fair light she looked."

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An Ounce of Prevention: to Save America from having a Government of the Few, by the Few, and for the Few, by Augustus Jacobson, 15 cents.
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The Rice Mills of Port Mystery, by B. F. Heuston, 20 cents.
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The Home.

Helps to High Living.

Sun.—It requires a great heart to turn small things to heavenly uses.

Mon.—The home is the nursery of republican simplicity and republican virtue.

Tues.—In every circle woman fixes a standard of morality, above which few men care to rise.

Wed.—The only hope for the moral advancement of society is to keep woman in the advance guard.

Thur.—With the right spirit no occupation is trifling, no duty insignificant.

Fri.—The most enduring influence is that which begins at home.

Sat.—There is but one way for any of us to exert a true influence, and that is by being true and faithful ourselves.

—*W. G. Eliot.*

The Stubborn Boot.

"Bother!" was all John Clatterby said;
His breath came quick, and his cheek was red;
He flourished his elbows, and looked absurd,
While over and over his "Bother!" I heard.

Harder and harder the fellow worked,
Vainly and savagely still he jerked;
The boot half on *would* dangle and flap—
"Bother!" and then he bursted the strap.

Redder than ever his hot cheek flamed;
Harder than ever he fumed and blamed;
He wriggled his heel, and tugged at the leather
Till knees and chin came bumping together.

"My boy!" said I, in a voice like a flute,
"Why not—ahem!—try the mate of that boot;
Or the other foot?"—"I'm a goose," laughed John,
As he stood, in a flash, with his two boots on.

In half the affairs
Of this busy life,
(As that same day
I said to my wife),
Our troubles come
From trying to put
The left-hand shoe
On the right-hand foot,
Or *vice versa*
(Meaning, reverse, sir),
To try to force,
As quite of course,
Any wrong foot
In the right shoe,
Is the silliest thing
A man can do.

—*Hearth and Home.*

A Chapter on Bats.

The bats of the world, of which there are over four hundred species, are sometimes divided into three groups, according as they may belong to those without nose appendages, those with nose appendages or those which feed wholly on fruits, the last being the most interesting and the most highly organized members of the hand-winged division of animals or Cheiroptera.

About the time in the evening when the birds are retiring to sleep the bats awaken and begin to fly, serving by night much the same purpose that the swallows do in the day, being equally useful in preserving the atmosphere in proper condition for breathing by the destruction of hosts of insects which might otherwise become unendurable. We thus owe the bats a debt of gratitude as well as the birds, and it is well to remember that they hold their place in nature by divine appointment, and to regard them as blessings instead of objects of fear. All our species are perfectly harmless, and but one inconvenience can arise from their intrusion into our houses. They *are* afflicted with parasites which become extremely offensive when introduced into beds and bedding. On this account, where it is possible, they should be rigidly excluded from our dwellings, wire netting to windows and doors being a useful precaution. After their long sleep in the daytime the first thing which bats do is to fly to water as they require an abundance for drink. Later they may be seen flitting in every direction in search of food. They are fond of uninhabited places, often hiding in belfries and old undisturbed garrets where they pass the winter in a state of hybernation.

The bats of Central and South America and those of the Old World are extremely interesting, but the limits of our space forbid anything further at the present time.—*Graceanna Lewis, in Friend's Intelligencer.*

Viennese Young Ladies.

American ladies bring home much interesting information as to the manners and customs of foreign countries. Miss Marie Pitman, in her book—"European Breezes"—gives many interesting facts relating to the ladies of Vienna. She dwells particularly upon the extent and thoroughness of their education.

No Viennese lady is considered to have been properly brought up unless her physical training has been carefully attended to. She must be able to swim, to take long walks without tiring, and to ride on horseback gracefully and skilfully.

She must be expert in needlework of many kinds, from the cutting and fitting of undergarments to lace-making and embroidery. These accomplishments are frequently acquired by serving a regular apprenticeship to a dressmaker.

Her memory is exercised from childhood until it is wonderfully quick and accurate. It is not uncommon for a young lady to be able to repeat by heart, after once hearing it, any poem of moderate length that takes her fancy.

The Viennese lady is taught to cook, and can tell exactly how and in what order the courses of a grand banquet should be served. This knowledge is acquired neither in her own kitchen nor at a cooking-school, but in a manner peculiar to Vienna, where no famous cook accepts a situation without making it a part of the contract that he shall receive in his employer's kitchen as many noble ladies as he desires for pupils.

A Little Mourner.

A common-looking dog dead in the gutter is a repulsive object. Past such a one people were hurrying one day, when a little boy, thinly clad, and hobbling on a crutch, called: "Here Bowser!" and then taking in the situation dropped his crutch, and kneeling by the dead dog cried, as if his heart was broken, "O Bowser! is you dead, and can't go home with me?" It took but a moment to change the expression on faces from one of contempt to that of pity and sympathy. The boy was but a poor waif; but he kneeled by the side of his best-loved earthly friend, and he was dead. Merchants and well-dressed ladies stopped with kind words and expressions of sympathy for the little mourner. One gentleman, appreciating the grief of the boy, called an expressman, and told him to take the boy and his dead pet to his home, or to some place where he could be buried as the boy might direct, and call upon him for his pay. The burying of a dog is not much, but the binding up the wounds in the heart of that poor boy on his crutch was an act worthy of permament record.—*Inter Ocean.*

Essentials of Character.

VIII.

ORDER.

"*Let all things be done decently and in order.*"

HEAVEN'S FIRST LAW.—Order has been called heaven's first law, because it is a principle of the universe and nothing in nature comes hap-hazard, but all things in their regular order. Boys and girls and men and women, too, should follow nature and guide their lives by order. In this way the nobility of their characters becomes of the greatest service to themselves and others. In a great store where thousands of articles are kept, all must be in order. If an article is called for, it must be available at a moments notice, or its value is impaired. So the things that you have in your desk or your room, your pocket or your head, must also be in order or their value is greatly impaired. Order not only gives greater value to the things which you possess, but to yourself. Your health must be preserved by regular sleep, food and habits of life; your mind becomes a valuable store-house when you have filled it in an orderly way and can quickly make use of the things you have learned. The orderly person saves much time which the disorderly one loses searching for mislaid things. He also saves the discomfort, worry and ill-temper which such things cause. He does not waste time setting to rights what ought always to have been in order. Therefore he enters upon every day's task with better conditions of mind and body; for this reason, he works easier and lives longer. The worry and discomfort of the disorderly person wears him out.

IN THE HOME, order should begin with our first knowledge of things; for order can make any home far more pleasant for all sharers of it. How many weary steps can be saved the mother if every child keeps all his or her things in order in sleeping-room, play-room or parlor! How much more could be done for the home if so much time had not to be used setting things to rights. Then how much better you feel when you introduce a friend into your neat and well-ordered home; where everything speaks of the good habits of all who live there.

IN THE SCHOOL-ROOM, order must be the first law. Remember that honesty requires order here, for disorder steals away some of the time of teachers and pupils, as well as your own time. Then if your desk and books are kept in order, regular habits of study cultivated and all school duties attended to in their proper time and order, you will gain more knowledge and save much discomfort and ill temper. Your education will be good or bad, not according as you know much or little, but as your knowledge is reduced to order or is a mere jumble of facts without arrangement.

ON THE PLAYGROUND, as everywhere else order and method contribute to the pleasure; and if games are conducted in an orderly manner and play-things are kept in place, the habits there cultivated will help to set the whole life into good ways.

IN SOCIAL LIFE, the formalities of daily intercourse make a part of the good order of life and enable us to mingle in society with ease and pleasure. Good manners form a part of the order of the social world.

IN BUSINESS, order is especially necessary. Book-keeping is a part of business reduced to exact order; and all other parts must be kept in good order or failure is sure. When you leave school and enter upon business, habits of order, which have hitherto been a help and convenience, become now a prime necessity. The great improvements, which have been made in the conduct of business, have simply been the introduction of better methods, or better order. The boy who starts with good habits of order has already won a large share of the elements of success.

IN SUNDAY-SCHOOL AND IN CHURCH, we think of good order as a matter of course. It helps to make an impressive and beautiful service and is thereby an aid to religious thought and reverent spirit.

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Jocoseria.

Mrs. Foracloque.—And you say the minister refused to christen your baby "Nebuchadnezzar"? What was the reason?

Mrs. Quiverful—He stuttered.

"Does the usher belong to the church?" "Certainly; what do you mean?" "Nothing—one might infer from his actions that the church belonged to him."

"Rev. Dr. Thirdly wants $5,000 to come to us." "Why, a month ago he agreed to accept a call at $4,000." "Yes, but he's been accused of heresy since then."

A burning question: "Will the coal last until time to take down the stove?"

The season is rapidly approaching when the ice man is cool and his bills are collected.

Mrs. Fussy— Dear, dear! I wonder what makes that parrot swear so? Mr. Fussy, (who has his own views on the subject)—I suppose he has picked up the remarks that the neighbors make about him.

Daisy—When I get big like you, mamma, I'm going to marry a doctor or a minister. *Mamma*—Why, my dear? *Daisy*—'Cause, if I marry a doctor I can get well for nothing, and if I marry a minister I can be good for nothing.—*Funny Folks.*

"They are going to try the minister for heresy," said Deacon Potterby.

"How so?" asked the sinner.

"W'y, we had a pound party for his benefit a couple of weeks ago, and what did he do but have a pair of scales and weigh everything that was brought in."

One of Ralph Waldo Emerson's arguments for equal suffrage was that the tendency of men and women is toward opposite extremes; and that if both men and women voted, these opposite tendencies would neutralize and correct each other. Something of the sort seems to be badly needed.—*Woman's Journal.*

"I never in my life," said Dean Stanley to his wife, after a sermon in Westminster Abbey, "so touched the congregation. They were entranced; every eye was upon me from the first word to the last." "No wonder," said Lady Augusta; "your gloves were inside your hat, and when you took it off they remained on top of your head all through the sermon.

A Maori whose requests for blankets had at last elicited a decided refusal from the missionary, exclaimed, "Kapai!" (good), "no more blankets, no more hallelujahs," and thereupon returned to the faith of his fathers. No less humorous, though in another way, was the plea of a Maori in litigation for a piece of land. Being called on to tell the court on what proof he relied for his title, he pointed to the rival claimant and said simply, "I ate his father."—*The Argonaut.*

"Grandmother here's the minister," said her pet granddaughter in an awe-struck voice. Minister and parishioner talked very pleasantly until he touched on sanctification and foreordination, and in a sudden burst of eloquence, said: "Madam, do you not believe in Him who first took you out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage?" *"Egypt?" shrieked the irate old lady,* lifting her hands in pious horror; "the way lies are told about me! *I have never been past the Falls of Schuylkill in all my life."*

"Down in the mountain regions of Virginia," said a commercial traveler to the Indianapolis *Journal* man, "there exists a good deal of the old-fashioned piety which prevailed in the days when it was customary to run a dagger into an obnoxious person's gizzard and then pray for the repose of his soul.

"I was traveling on horseback, of course, through that region last summer, when I came across an old fellow half hidden in the underbrush by the side of the road. He was sitting so quiet and his weather-beaten clothes so well matched the prevailing tints of the locality that I should have probably passed without seeing him if my horse had not shied. When he saw that he was discovered he stood up and looked at me for a moment or two without speaking. As he had a rifle that looked at that instant to be near seven feet long thrown across his arm *I felt it my duty to be sociable.* I said:

"'Hunting?'

"'No,' said he, 'I hain't. I'm a-waitin' fer Jim Allison to come this way, *an' if the Lord is willin'* I 'low to blow the top of his ——head off."

Are You Married?

It is the small annoyances that worry — sour milk over night, no milk-man in the morning; no cream for the coffee; no milk for the baby. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is always ready for use. Grocers and Druggists.

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